

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would colt you a groning to rake off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murderer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing, Considerate season, els no creature seeing, Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected, With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie, On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and writen in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murderer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauld play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,

Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with provincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Player?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh *Damen* deere:

This Realme dimantled was

Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes here

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceauce?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Prince of Denmark

Ham. Ah ha, come some musick
For if the King like not the Com
Why then belike he likes it not
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus, Gyl.

Gu. Good my Lord, voutsafe

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement mer

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my Lord, with cho

Ham. Your wisdome shoul
nifie this to the Doctor, for, fo
would perhaps plunge him into

Gyl. Good my Lord put you

And it are not so wildly from my

Ham. I am tame sir, pronoun

Gyl. The Queene your mot

rit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gu. Nay good my Lord, this
if it shall please you to make m
your mothers commandement

turne, shall be the end of busine

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord?

Ha. Make you a wholesome an
answer as I can make, you shal
mother, therefore no more, but

Ros. Then thus she saies, you
amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne th
there no sequell at the heeles of

Ros. She desires to speak with y

Ham. We shall obey, were st
any further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord you once did

Ham. And doe still by these